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"Oh, speak, speak! He was not down

CHAPTER XXXVII

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SANTARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

From a late Monthly Report of the Boston Branch, we copy the following, commencing it to attention, not only for the information it contains, and the hints it suggests, but for its appreciation of the work which the people are doing:

"Hearing the statement had been made that Government had on hand 75,000 suits of hospital clothing, and therefore the stores of the Sanitary Commission were useless, an unnecessary and hurtful drain upon the energies of the people, we wrote to Washington a letter of inquiry, to which this is the answer: 'The fact, if it be one, which is very likely, that the Surgeon-General has on hand 75,000 suits of hospital clothing is of no practical use to us. Not one of those suits is meant for field hospitals, of which there may, perhaps, be some 400 or 700 in the country. They are designed only for distribution in the General Hospitals, of which there may be some 180. It is a long time since the Commission has distributed clothing to the General Hospital, which, thanks chiefly to the Medical Department of Government since its reorganization are now as ordinary things, well supplied and conducted. Such articles as are not furnished by Government, and delicacies of all kinds, we continue to furnish freely to the General Hospitals, but the great bulk of our efforts is required for those in the field. As yet the next great battle in which the Army of the Potomac will be engaged, our small accumulation of clothing will melt away in a single day.'

"We have lately received a letter from Washington, saying that pickles and domestic wines are needed, and that their storehouses have none. In the same letter is sent the pattern of a 'Ration Bag,' with the following remarks as to its usefulness:— 'The idea is to furnish each soldier with two (one for sugar and one for coffee), to put inside the haversack, so as to keep the two articles from being spoiled, either by being wet from rain, or in crossing streams, or by coming in contact with the greasy pork and bacon.'

"As all have to go into the same bag, the effect is not improving to either article. I speak from experience when I say no little gift would add more to the comfort, cleanliness (internal), and health of the soldier, than just such bags as these. Much of the ration is now lost by clinging to the sides and corners of the haversacks. These bags would save all that.'

"It is difficult for us to understand the needs of the soldiers; only those who have had experience can rightly show us, why this thing that is at home to them, they must have is a burden, and why that thing which we had neglected would be a comfort.

"We shall be glad to furnish the pattern to any who wish it. As it is small, and simple in its make, it seems especially adapted to the hands of children."

In a late report of the Cleveland Branch we have an account of a club of young girls called the 'Alert Club,' whose object is to collect funds for the Working Society. They have a Constitution and elected officers, and by means of monthly and quarterly subscriptions have raised \$500 in seven months in a village of 300 inhabitants.

"From what a space of country, what a variety of people, does the Commission draw its precious stores! It is difficult to connect gray flannel and blue yarn with the thought of a great historical movement; yet our work is really in such connection, and each stocking or shirt we make 'for the soldier' is portion of a story that has never had its counterpart.

"In our correspondence we find our greatest pleasure and encouragement. Some of the letters from far off corners of New England, come so full of earnestness and faithful hope, that we long to publish them far and wide, that they might touch and convince some hearts yet unmoved. We feel deeply the advantage of this correspondence, and gladly welcome any new opportunity of such intercourse. One thing only could be better, and that would be a personal acquaintance. A few spoken words can often tell more than a page of writing, and may give a sense of mutual comprehension and sympathy, which tend to make a future correspondence more useful and more pleasant.

"Our receipts still compare most favorably with those of last year, and this is a fact of much significance. The flow of supplies through our hands now, when the old household stores have been exhausted, and new and higher priced material has to be bought, means more than it did a year ago. It means that less money is spent for self, and more for those who suffer and mourn; that we are working, not with a starved sense of power and pain to be relieved, but for our country through her soldiers; that the burden of waiting and toil has been liberally taken up by us, at home, as our share of sacrifice; it means a steady purpose—constancy to the right, although the cost be great. It is a sign borne past us by the strong current from the heart of the people, a very light upon the Ganges, whose burning promises success and blessing."

"We have the pattern of the 'Ration Bag,' referred to in this article, and we shall be glad to furnish it to any Aid Society, desiring to make them up for the soldiers.

"Our wives and our children we leave in your care. We know you will help them their sorrows to bear."

Frequent allusion has been made in our columns to the 'Special Relief Committee,' and to the fund collected for their use, outside of and separate from the Commission. But of the work which this committee is doing with this special fund nothing has been said; and feeling assured that our contributing societies would be interested in hearing something of their labors, we have selected the following cases illustrative:—

The wife of a private in the Corn Exchange regiment applied for assistance. Her husband had received no pay, in consequence of his being in the hospital at Falmouth when his regiment was paid. She owed seven months' rent, and her baker's bill had amounted to \$14. She had been

sitting up until 3 o'clock at night, upon Government work, until her health gave way from hemorrhage. She has several small children, the youngest three months old. Her name and residence were taken, and her immediate wants relieved. When the regiment was paid the following month she went down to the Exchange and received sufficient money to pay off the above-mentioned debts, together with others of small amount which she had contracted in the neighborhood. This left her a balance of three dollars. The day was wet, her shoes in a miserable condition, the exposure added to her cold, and painful and acute suffering was the result. This poor wife, dying with consumption, occupied a little room scarcely larger than a butler's pantry, with her young children. The ton of coal and the barrel of flour, which the 'Special Relief' left with her, were needed. 'But the city attends to these cases,' say some. Yes, the city gives these women two dollars a week; and how far will this sum go to relieve her need?

Another woman applied for sewing who had not received any of her husband's pay for many months. Upon visiting her, one cold day in March, they found her occupying a small tenement in a court, in the upper part of the city. The room was exorbitantly neat. A thread-bare, but clean rag-carpet covered the floor. The stove had very little fire in it, but was freshly blacked. A child was sleeping on a settee—the pillow snow-white. This woman owed her landlord \$60; but he had been very kind, and was willing to wait until she received her husband's pay. She had supported herself and children by her needle, and not having been able for some weeks to procure any sewing, she had applied to the Special Relief. They gave her army shirts to make, at 37½ cents apiece, which she says, 'pays beautifully.'

The ladies, admiring her personal cleanliness and the neatness of her room, spoke in praise of her house. She replied that there was water in her cellar, but while she owed her landlord so much she could not complain; although her physician had told her that unless it was bailed out, sickness would result. The appearance of the woman was delicate in the extreme. A discharged soldier, low with consumption, came to the room for assistance. Not many inquiries were made; but, upon visiting him, the case was found to be one of far more suffering than he had represented. He was sleeping on a sack of straw, the bed having been pawned. Even the stockings and shoes of his wife had been disposed of for bread. The room was clean, but almost destitute of furniture of any description. After providing for their most urgent necessities, the Special Relief furnished the wife with sewing, and weekly gives a small sum in addition to the amount that she earns.

The widow of a volunteer, killed at the battle of Williamsburg, who has a family of small children, and who has been confined to her room with a rheumatic affection for the greater part of the winter, was one of the applicants. In six months' time she would receive her pension money; but what was to become of her in the meantime? The Special Relief advanced her weekly a small sum, a portion of which she will return to them when her pension is collected.

One other case merits special attention. A young woman made application for work. Her sorrowful face excited interest—her story still more. Her husband, known to one of the ladies, was a sergeant in Colonel Jones's regiment, afterwards entered the regular service, and was corporal in the 4th United States Artillery. At the time of the battle of the Blackwater he was disabled by a kick from a horse, which he had received in the chest. A letter, which his wife had received from the captain, thus explains how he came to be in the battle:—"Your husband was not on duty, having been in the hospital some days from injuries; and the first that I knew of his being in the engagement, was when he was reported to me wounded. I said to him, 'how came you to go into the fight?' He replied, 'I could not help it when I heard the firing, and knew that I was needed. He is a gallant soldier; I wish that I had more like him.' His wound in the head was of such a nature that his discharge was given to him, although he did not ask it, nor wish it; but the surgeon who gave it knew that he never again would be fit for duty. He had received neither pension nor bounty, and was robbed of a portion of his pay, which he had upon his person, during the two days of insensibility that followed after receiving his wound. Some washing and sewing were given to the wife; and may God help her in her efforts to support her disabled husband, who, had his health been spared, could always have secured to her, with his own strong arm, a comfortable living."

The duties of the Special Relief Committee are necessarily arduous in guarding against imposition, as well as in preparing the work, and giving it out in proportion to the relative necessities of the applicants. They are, however, more than rewarded for their unwaried labors by the pleasure of ministering to such necessities; and if our citizens continue to provide them with the means, they will go on with their labors as long as they are needed. All donations in half worn clothing or money, intended for the use of this Committee, should be designated "for the Special Relief," otherwise it is given into the general fund of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

If the gentlemen of the Union League of this city who are subscribing their hundreds of dollars for the celebration of the Fourth of July were to visit these families, we are sure they would divide with us the sum appropriated for this purpose. While such misery exists, parades and shows are but mockery. What benefit will be conferred upon the Union League by this celebration, compared with the honor it might reap by becoming the benefactor of these suffering families? Let the army know that 'The Union League' is attending to the wants of the wives and children of the volunteers, and it will then have a claim for the influence that it seeks.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1207 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Donations from Mrs. English, 417 & 419 Third Street, Phila.
1 box, Williamsburg, Lancaster county, Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Loop, Secy.
1 box, Lancaster, Ladies' Aid, Reading, Pa.
1 box, Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Association, Bethlehem, Mrs. F. J. Hume, Secy.
Drovers, Bethlehem Mills Society, Mrs. N. M. Seidridge, Secy.
Clothing, Miss E. Miller, St. Mark's Church, 8 boxes, Ladies' Aid Society, Bedford, Pa.
Mary T. Barclay, Secy.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Christians, Lancaster county, J. A. Hen, Secy.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Northumberland, Mrs. H. Jenkins, Secy.
1 barrel, Hillside Aid Society, Kingston, Miss F. N. Owen, Secy.
1 box, Mrs. T. Dunlap.
1 package, G. I. Gross.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, March Chunk, R. D. McClary.
1 large box, Williamsport Union Aid, L. A. Snyder, Corresponding Secy.
Delaware, Miss Hutchins.
1 box, Mr. and the Misses Robertsons' School, Pittston, Lancaster county.
1 box containing 60 glass tubes, A. M. M. McIntosh, Baito P. O., N. J.
24 shirts, Florence Ladies' Relief.
24 pillow cases, Union Sewing Circle.
Clothing, German Lutheran Church, Manassas.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Jane Hillborn, Byberry.
Clothing, Ladies' Aid Society, Chambersburg.
1 barrel, 1 keg, Montrose, Miss E. C. Blackman.
Reading matter, Mrs. Chapman Biddle.
1 package old linen from a friend.
3 boxes, Northwest Soldiers' Association, & Laura Chase, Secy., 2160 Mount Vernon street.
1 box, St. Thomas township, Franklin county.
Clothing, Church of the Holy Trinity, Phila.
Old linen, First Presbyterian Church, Phila.
Delaware, St. Luke's Auxiliary Society.
Clothing, St. Stephen's Aid Society, Phila.
Clothing, Ladies' Sewing Club, Miss Wagner.
Delaware and socks, Ladies' Aid Society, Emmanuel Church, Baltimore.
Reading matter, Mrs. Caldwell Biddle.
1 box, Tunkannock, Schuylkill county.
1 box, Flomington, Clinton county.
1 box, Pittston.
Clothing, etc., Misses Lewis, Spruce street.

QUERER MISPRONUNCIATION.

It is a striking fact that names of places are oftenest mispronounced by the inhabitants or people of the neighborhood. Some of these distortions are amusing enough for their wide departure from the true pronunciation. In La Salle half the people call their city 'La Sall,' and a 'dead sell' it is to the reluctant wayfarer, compelled to wait half a day for the train. Belfontaine is pronounced 'Bell fountain,' and everybody in or about Indianapolis calls it 'Indiana-pole,' without scruple or apparent remorse. Evansville goes often by the name of 'Jeansville,' and Terre Haute (a pretty French name for a fine Yankee town in Indiana, and signifying 'High land,') what do you think they call that? Why, 'Terry Hat,' to be sure—a sound which seems portentously indicative of mud cabins, instead of the civilized, and even elegant, architecture which honors the city. But the vice is not peculiar to the West. The older natives of Hartford, Conn., speak of it as 'Harford' to this day; many citizens of Brunswick, Me., continue to shock the ears of the Bowdoin boys by allusions to 'Brumack;' while half the inhabitants of Portsmouth, N. H., call it—what do you suppose? You couldn't guess in a month of Sundays. You give it up—of course you do; what can they call it but Portsmouth? Why 'Porch-mouth,' by all that is ridiculous!

The Dry Tortugas, properly called Fort Jefferson, is situated in the waters skirting the coast of Florida. 'Dry' it is called, but it stands upon one of an Archipelago of sand banks miles away from any main land, and is, in all its bearings, very wet. Fort Jefferson is on one of the Tortugas group, which covers a nautical area of about twelve miles, and lies in the Gulf, in latitude 24 40 and longitude 82 50. The islands are mere sand heaps, covered, however, with beautiful shells, and surrounded by reefs of white coral. It is a great resort for sea turtles. The Fort is described as a most delightful place. Inside the grounds are beautifully laid out, and contain a commendable display of flower beds and other natural decorations. There are an abundance of trees, prominent among which are the red oak and alantus. The mosquitoes trouble the latter only to die. But the most attractive tree here is that which bears the cocoa nut. These trees are sprinkled in squads throughout the grounds, and are as grateful to the eye as they are useful for shade. A long coarse grass carpets the sand very acceptably indeed. This is the paradise of forts—as elegant as it is strong and useful.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the hospital Hotel Dieu, at Paris. A young student wrote a thesis in which he showed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr. Laugier, surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man of seventy-five years of age, had the disease in one foot, one toe was mortified, and the whole member was in danger. The diseased part was enclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gangrene was arrested, and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A similar experiment tried upon another patient equally aged, was equally successful, from which the inference follows, that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infests hospitals.

Rev. Mr. Woodworth states that one hundred Catholic priests are now cab-drivers in Paris.

CHANGES IN VEGETATION.

There is an essay by a Danish botanist, Frederik Schour, upon the plants of Pompeii, which has recently been translated, both into German and English, and which contains, apparently, some valuable reflections. The substance of it is well brought together in the last number of Blackwood.

We seem naturally to expect that the same class of trees and plants will grow for ages after age on the same spot. But an inspection of the pictures preserved in Pompeii, no less than an examination of Virgil and other classics of that day, shows not only that what we call 'the everlasting hills' have arisen and sunk, lakes have been formed, the shore risen and fallen, cities overwhelmed and uncovered, but the very character of the plants and trees has been greatly changed in Italy within the last eighteen hundred years.

Then the trees and plants of Italy had a far more Northern aspect than now it would seem. The early settlers on these shores, found a forest region of common deciduous trees now driven back to the scantily clothed Apennines. The beech-forest, says Schour, is called the symbol of Danish character. It is used to flourish in Italy. Some of the trees of which Virgil celebrates the grandeur, are now not only scarce, but it is difficult to ascertain their precise character. But the region which he celebrates was not then the land emphatically of the cypress and the myrtle, but rather of the oak, ash, hazel, wych-elm and beech. Trees very much like our own, formed the forests of which he sang.

But in the course of these centuries, without any particular change in the climate, the evergreen species seem to have gradually been supplanting the deciduous, the foreign, the indigenous. Southern vegetation seems to have crept upwards, and the characteristic trees and shrubs and plants of Italy now have, therefore, a far more Southern appearance than they had when Virgil sang or Cicero declaimed.

In Greece, also, the linden, the yew, the beech, the alder, the coral and the ash have almost entirely disappeared. Instead of these, another class of plants, thick-leaved, hard-leaved, down-covered bushes, mostly evergreen, have taken the place.

In Pompeii, we find, in the frescos, indeed, representations of the vine, the olive, the laurel, the fig, the fig. But the orange, lemon and citron, for which Italy is now so famous, were known to Pliny only as foreign plants. The citron was cultivated only in the third year after Christ, lemons came with the Saracens, and oranges were brought by the Portuguese from the East, while the aloe and Indian fig came from America. The white, or silkworm mulberry was unknown to the Pompeians, and only commenced to be cultivated in the sixteenth century. Silks were imported by the Romans from the East. Barley used to be cultivated in Italy for the common people, but rice and Indian corn were never thought of; now they are staples. Cotton, now extensively grown at the foot of Mount Vesuvius is of modern introduction.

The same change which has been going on there has apparently been going on everywhere, as civilized man has developed. At first, by great care and pains, southern plants have, by protection, been reared; then they have become hardy, then indigenous, and thus the fruits and flowers and trees of the south are every creeping up northward.

What is more singular is, that man himself is, in some of his characteristics, undergoing the same change. We all know the tendency of Northern tribes to emigrate Southward; but, when they do, they very rapidly degenerate, or at least acquire all the Southern peculiarities of dark skin, dark eyes and dark hair. But very different is the result of Southern men emigrating Northward. Their descendants retain the dark eyes and hair; so that throughout Europe, and especially in Germany, the flax-haired inhabitants seem dying out, and the brunettes swallow up the blondes. This has been thought by Prof. Draper to be owing to civilization equalizing the temperature, the fires and furs creating a Southern climate for man even almost to the North Pole. But a late writer in Blackwood seems to think that it is rather because of the creeping up of Southern races to the Northward and retaining their physical peculiarities, just as we have seen Southern plants learn to live where they could not formerly. Perhaps cotton may grow some day in Hudson's Bay and Southern planters climb up there, a hardy race, to cultivate it.

The rebels profess to be greatly concerned for the maintenance of the Constitution of the United States. Which of them, if the provisions of that Constitution were enforced, would remain nothing?

Speaking of runarbar, cooks, who know its extreme acidity, will appreciate the rule of the good woman in Pittsburg: 'Throw in sugar as long as your conscience will let you; then shut your eyes and throw in a handful more.'

While the soldiers were searching the passengers on a train recently, one of them discovered no less than seven revolvers hid in a lady's bosom. Gathering up the pistols he politely remarked to the lady: 'Madam, your breastworks seem to be iron-clad.'

NEWS ITEMS.

INSANITY CHECKED BY THE WAR.—Dr. Bellows stated in his speech before the American Unitarian Association, that, in the midst of the unprecedented excitement of the last two years, the amount of insanity in the country has materially decreased from what it was in time of peace. The substitution of a noble and healthy excitement for ignoble and degrading agonies of mind thus shows itself by the most delicate of tests.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE was offered two thousand pounds sterling a year, for five years, if he would lend his name as editor to a magazine, without having the labor of being the acting editor, but declined.

LOUIS NAPOLÉON has finished two volumes of his *Life of Cesar*. Two more are under way. It is said he means to break up and divide the Academy if the members do not admit him in consideration of his work.

A LETTER from Vicksburg of the 11th says:—Yesterday Judge Lowe, of Keokuk, Iowa, had an interview with Gen. Grant, and in reply to a question when Vicksburg would be taken, the general replied: 'I can take it any hour; but in making an immediate attack I would sacrifice the lives of many valuable men, whereas there is not a my situation, any occasion for such sacrifice. The enemy are completely surrounded, and are short of both provisions and ammunition. They are losing from 80 to 100 every day by starvation, and I am not at all apprehensive of the results consequent upon an attack in my rear. My force is adequate either to whip the rebels by force of arms, or by starvation. I prefer the latter course, inasmuch as it demoralizes their army and does not decimate mine.'

THE news from North Carolina is very important. The Union men are in possession of a tract of land 350 miles long by 150 wide, and all the inland seas and rivers are filled with their gunboats. The Unionists of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina have organized whole regiments of deserters and conscripts from the rebel army. Twenty thousand of these men have offered to join the Federal army as soon as a military post shall be established at Raleigh. The rebel citizens have petitioned the government for protection against this organization, and have been told to take care of themselves.

THE rebel General Forrest is dying from the effects of wounds received lately at Spring Hill. The injuries were received in a quarrel about a female.

GOV. BETHUNE has issued an order for the formation of a National Guard in New York, each Assembly district to form one regiment. The order does not affect New York City or Brooklyn.

WE learn from General Hooker's army that the several corps are steadily assuming the positions respectively assigned to them. The 1st army corps on Sunday marched 23 miles, on Monday 15, and on Tuesday 30 miles. This, considering the intense heat of the weather and previous long marches, is an extraordinary performance. The distance the corps marched yesterday is not known, but was probably 30 miles. Other corps have made rapid marches, but none have accomplished so great a distance.—*Tribune of the 20th.*

A man in Michigan, not long since, committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and bottle, found on the bank of the lake. Verdict—'found empty.'

CRABBY as George the Third was said to have been, there was evidently method in his madness at times. Speaking to Archbishop Sutton of his large family, he used the expression—'I believe your grace has better than a dozen?' 'No, sir,' replied the Archbishop, 'only eleven.' 'Well,' rejoined the King, 'is not that better than a dozen?'

A Massachusetts judge has decided that a husband may open his wife's letters, on the ground—so often and so tersely stated by Mr. Theophilus Parsons of Cambridge—that 'the husband and wife are one, and the husband is that one!'

When a Digger Indian gets the smallpox, he closes the door of his hut, kills his dog, and then shoots himself. For arming a contagion we can imagine no plan more simple or effectual.

When lovely woman longs to marry
And match a victim from the heath,
What charm the soft design will carry,
What art will make the men propose?
The only art, her schemes to cover,
To give her wishes sure success,
To gain, to fix a captive lover,
And bring his bosom, is—to nurse.

It is perfectly natural that physicians generally should have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else—because they are more likely to sea-sickness.

'I am surprised, wife, at your ignorance,' said a pompous fellow. 'Have you never seen any books at all?' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'in a number of cases.'

Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantial a relish, without which they would be hard to swallow.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they make a beginning and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning.

WHISTLING girls and good fat sheep, Are the best stock a man can keep.

LATEST NEWS.

The Rebel Invasion.

HARRISBURG, June 21.—Rebel advances indicate that the rebel force has increased largely about Hagerstown. They have 10 pieces of cannon. A detachment of the 1st New York Cavalry captured a number of prisoners yesterday, and the 12th Pennsylvania also captured several rebels.

The rebel pickets are within five miles of Gettysburg, and a cavalry force, according to Gettysburg and captured horses and other property.

Our troops have fortified Chambersburg. The rebels have captured the town of Frederick, Maryland, with a small force, and have thrown out pickets between them and Baltimore.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—Rebels crossed the 15th and 16th have been seen near the Potomac. The day was very hot, and the rebels were very active. General Grant was in command of the Federal forces.

Dispatches of the 15th and 16th say that the bombardment of Fort Hudson was continued. The greatest force is reported captured by the rebels at Fort Hudson, and several gunboats disabled.

The famous rebel iron-clad ship *Atlanta*, formerly the British steamer *Teague*, has been captured off the coast of Georgia, by two Federal iron-clads.

PORTSMOUTH, June 21.—The news of yesterday states that the city of Durham, Ga., was burned by the Federal on the 11th inst., and is now one plain of ashes and blackened chimneys.

Mr. Vallandigham has sent the blockade from Wilmington, N. C. He is going to Nassau, and from thence to Canada.

A man may see clearly through a woman's coquetry, and yet fall a victim to it; like the nightingale which sits on a tree, and sees the net spread beneath, and yet hops straight into it.

Persons who are always innocently good-humored and cheerful are very useful in the world. They not only maintain peace and happiness, but spread a glow of sunshine among those with whom they associate.

The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of an English paper:— 'A clergyman wishes to exchange his two little girls, aged 9 and 7, either together or separately, for two boys.' He should wait till they are older.

Our Cockney contributor, who has recently been shaved at a mock auction concert, sends us the following:—'Ven you wants to be did, go to a public vendoo.'

An American in London writes of Balwer to the Boston Commonwealth:— 'And there is Balwer! Of him I can only say that it was a most graphic description which his wife gave when she said he had 'the head of a goat on the body of a grass-hopper.'

An English writer says in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that in consequence of this match he lost his situation.

At a hotel table one day, one boarder remarked to his neighbor: 'This must be a healthy place for chickens.' 'Why?' asked the other. 'Because I never see any dead ones hereabouts.'

Brigham Young in one of his recent Sunday 'sermons' bragged of the beauty of his wives, and one of the 'brethren' claimed to have fifty-nine children, and defied any of the followers of the faith to show a more prolific record!

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher called for Europe last Saturday, to be absent four months. 'Why is it,' says the Portland Transcript, 'we never hear of worn-out editors being sent abroad by their patrons for health and recreation?'

The late Stonewall Jackson at various periods of his life was afflicted with different forms of hypochondria. One of the mania was to believe that everything he ate went down and lodged in his left leg! At another time he would never eat except by the watch, at the precise moment; and he would take out his watch, lay it on the table, and eat at that moment. If the meal was behindhand, he would not eat at all.

QUESTION AND ANSW.—Have you got an erysipelas? Echo—Nary sipelas.

SWINE.—The difference between a party of toppers and their wine is but slight—an S.

At the annual dinner of the Royal Geographical Society of London, on the 25th of May, the Right Honorable Spencer Wright, M. P., when returning thanks for a toast given to the 'House of Commons,' alluded to the civil war in America, and said that they had just received the lamentable news that Stonewall Jackson, one of the noblest descendants of the English race, was no more.

At this allusion to the rebel general the wildest enthusiasm prevailed among those present. Several of the leading London papers mourn over the loss of Jackson.

The late Judge M— was said in his early life to be very fond of a game of cards and was reputed to be quite a proficient in all the mysteries of euchre, high-low, jack, bluff, etc., etc. While holding the circuit in one of the western counties, the counsel for the plaintiff was examining a rather reluctant witness, and in the course of his examination put some questions to the witness which was objected to by the judge as improper. This was repeated again and again, in different forms, until the judge, quite out of patience, called out to the plaintiff's counsel, 'Mr. B—, if you have got any trumps you had better play them, and not undertake to 'alg any more!'

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

"What is life, father?"

"A battle, my child, where the strongest lance may fall, Where the bravest arm may be beguiled, And the stoutest heart may quail. Where the foot is gathered on every hand, And the hand is raised on every side, And the battle line once more stands In the thickest of the fight."

"What is death, father?"

"The rest, my child, When the strife and toil are o'er; The angel of God, who calm and mild Says we need fight no more: Who drives away the demon band, And the sin of battle ceases; Takes the banner and spear from the falling hand, And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I trouble and fear To yield in this terrible strife." "The crown must be won for heaven, dear, In the battle field of life. My child, thy thy feet are strong and tried, He loveth the weak and small; The angels of heaven are on thy side, And God is over all."

THE MAD SAVANT.

A STORY OF THE GRAND ARMY.

"Just take a look in here before you go, my dear friend, at No. 45; it is a curious case; and presently over our wine in the balcony I will tell you the story," said Dr. Frochot, the famous mad doctor of Berlin to me, his professional companion. The doctor, as he spoke, did indeed take a little round piece of brass that held a glass aperture in the wall, and then took an elaborate piece of stuff, while I looked through it into the cell of No. 45. It was a small, bare room, with no furniture but a trundle-bed, one chair, and a small triangular table. At this table sat a tall, thin, gray-haired man, with a vacant, care-worn face, who was busy counting a heap of those round, prism-like pieces of glass that are used as ornaments to chandeliers. Having counted them some twenty times over, he proceeded to breathe on each of them, and then, one by one, to rub them, and hold them to the light. Suddenly he rose, drew himself to his full length, struck his forehead, as if he was in pain there, or as if some momentary flash of reason had lighted up his mind, then gave a loud shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

I replaced the brass slide with an involuntary sigh. "He has swooned; should he not have help, Dr. Frochot?" said I to my friend, the mad doctor.

"No; he is often so," replied the imperturbable doctor; "he will be better when he comes to. We never visit patients but at regular hours. If we were always visiting patients, what time should we poor doctors have for ourselves?"

Some ten minutes later, the doctor and myself were seated in the balcony of one of the pleasantest houses in Berlin, watching the little heart-shaped leaves of the lime-trees wave and flutter in the street below, as we smoked our cigars and sipped our *Hockheimer*. It was a quiet street in the suburbs, and that part of the house where the patient was confined was far away from us, and separated from the quarter that the doctor inhabited by a large garden, and thus no groan or shriek could reach us. A pale, fat man, a recovered patient, waited on us, and the children from time to time ran out to us, laughing and shouting, from the inner rooms. As it began to get dusk, and the air grew cooler, and the first star sparkled over the General Graefenhaus's house opposite, the doctor, planting one foot on the upper ledge of the balcony, and resting the other on a china garden seat, began his story:

You must know, my dear friend, that in 1813—that is to say, exactly eighteen years ago—I, then a mere lad, accompanied the French army to Russia. I was surgeon in Davout's corps, and was often in the Emperor's tent. No. 45—then a well-known astronomer in Berlin—was also with the Grand Army, having been expressly commanded by Napoleon to make observations on the climate of Russia, and to record its variations. His name was Krautser, and he was well known at that time in Berlin as an acute observer of great industry and sagacity, but of an envious and avaricious spirit, that had led him to waste much time in alchemical pursuits, which he had finally abandoned in disgust, only to give himself altogether up to place-hunting and money-making. We knew each other by sight, and I frequently saw him both during the advance and the retreat. The story I tell you is partly from my own knowledge, and partly from the mouth of his intimate friends, many of whom were acquaintances of mine.

But let me delay for a moment, my dear friend, to recall the glories of that vast army of three hundred thousand men that crossed into Russia. Only yesterday an old country woman was brought to see me, who had beheld that army pass her cottage. She described Napoleon as sitting on her couch, talking, alternately consulting his maps, and cutting large slices from a loaf

that lay on the table. All his marshals were round him, and all day the troops moved past the doorway in dusty columns. The country girls were peeping in at the window, to catch a glimpse of the Emperor. "Why do you look at me?" he said good-naturedly to one of the prettiest, checking her under the chin as he spoke. "I am a poor little fellow. Look at these fine tall fellows" (pointing to Davout and Murat). The old woman who told me this had a head that kept nodding with the palsy; and it took one year back to fancy her young, graceful, and pretty. But that little story recalled to my mind how our army looked when we arrived at Gjat, just before the affair at Borodino.

We all know what happened then. The Emperor rose at three in the morning, called for a glass of punch, sent Hap for the reports, and transacted business with Berthier till five; then mounted on horseback, and ordered the drums to beat and the trumpets to sound. "It is the enthusiasm of *Austerlitz*," he said, as he rode forward, and the troops began to cheer. We lost ten thousand men, the Russians fifteen thousand. But a few days after the Russians retreated, and we advanced straight on Moscow.

I dare say you have read a dozen times about this famous battle, but I cannot resist—pardon an old soldier—briefly reminding you of its chief points. The Russians were in a strong position, strengthened by field works; their right flank rested on an entrenched wood; a brook running through a deep ravine covered their right wing; from the village of Borodino the left extended to Lemonskole, another village, protected by ravines and thickets in front, secured by redoubts and batteries; while in the centre, on an elevation, rose a double battery, that commanded the whole line.

Davout wanted to turn their left, but Napoleon thought the plan too dangerous. Potemkin therefore attacked their right and centre; while Ney tried to storm the redoubt in the centre; and Prince Eugene broke into Lemonskole. If Napoleon had brought up his reserve of the Young Guard, the Russian retreat would have been a rout; and if Davout had got in their rear, Kutusow would have been unable to have retreated on the capital.

My friend, these peasants in the gray frocks, encouraged by their bearded priests, with their painted images, fought like Turks, and would take or give no quarter. With nearly twenty thousand men wounded, and thirty generals *hors-de-combat*, you may imagine that I had a busy time of it the day after the battle. I was the chief doctor in the great convent of Kolotakol, where our wounded were brought. We had no linen or anything, and our hussars had to scour the country for linen and beds. I was up to my waist in legs and arms; and at night, when I went out to take a breath of fresh air, as tired as any butcher on market-day, the groans from that great building rose as from a dying giant.

On the night of the 11th, Napoleon being uncertain whether the Russians had taken the road to Moscow or Kalouga, was informed by Jewish spies that Kutusow had really fallen back on the capital. The next morning we were to advance on Krymskole. We were all in high spirits; even the poor wounded cheered faintly when I reported the news in the hospital.

That same night, as I was walking round the bivouac fires, just to observe how the soldiers took the news, I came upon a singular group near a clump of fir, at the east end of the convent garden. There was Krautser, whom I knew perfectly by sight, and a Jew spy, tormenting an old Russian peasant, who knelt before them. They had each got a lighted brand, and were, I suppose, going to torture him into some sort of confession. Two or three soldiers, in their bear-skin caps and gray greatcoats, were leaning on their muskets, and laughing as they watched them. The Jew was a lean, haggard man, with a dry, thin, wrinkled face, and withered eyes, that looked like dried currants. As he stood there in his greasy cañan and dirty boots, drawn over his trousers, I thought he might have passed muster for the very spirit of Avarice himself.

"Burn his beard off, great sir!" I heard him say to Krautser; "I tell you he knows all about the Rostopchin Palace."

"And the celebrated Rostopchin Jewels?" said Krautser eagerly.

"Yes, everything. He was steward's man to the prince, and knows all the family secrets." Then he held his torch close to the eyes of the wretched peasant, who shrank into a heap, and screamed for mercy.

"Burn his fingers off," cried the Jew.

"Mercy! mercy! and I'll tell all," cried the peasant. "All the finest jewels are kept in a malachite cabinet, under the floor of the third bedroom to the right, on the third story, as you go up the grand staircase."

"He's lying," said the Jew; "my great sir, burn his toes off—do burn his toes off."

I was just going to interfere, and had indeed spoken to Krautser apart, much to his indignation, when an old soldier came up, and striking the Jew with the butt-end of his musket, told him, with an oath, not to ill-treat the Russian.

"We owe them a turn," he said, "and we'll sing them with our cannon; but once prisoners, brave men should be merciful. Now, then, old Muscovite, run for your life, and no Jew or savant shall hurt you

while I've a cartridge left. I've got an old father home in Anvers just yearning for you, son of a—"

The old Russian did not probably understand a word the old musketeer said to him, but he saw that Krautser and the Jew were restrained by some one or other, and he saw the wood to which the grenadier pointed. That was enough. In a moment, he blundered through the fire, and ran off as hard as his old legs could carry him; and as I returned to the hospital, hearing the soldiers' laughter, I looked back, and saw the Jew, nose on ground, stealing like a blood-hound on the track of the old Russian. But I thought no more of it. Hard work drove all other thoughts out of my mind, and I had my large family, my twenty thousand men, to look after.

At sunrise on the 14th of September, the vanguard reached a hill called the Mount of Salvation, and where the pilgrims kneel and pray before entering the holy city.

"Moscow! Moscow!" cried a hundred thousand voices. The steeples and gilt domes shone in the sun; the huge triangular Kremlin, half palace, half citadel, rose above the trees.

As I stood among the crowd, I heard two harsh voices at my elbow. One said: "Where—where is it?" The other replied: "That is the Rostopchin Palace these among the trees, to the left of the Kremlin, by the Kolomna Gate. All will soon be ours now."

I looked round; it was Krautser and that carrion-crow of a Jew. They were evidently thinking of the Rostopchin Jewels.

"Monsieur Krautser," I said, "have you not heard that Marshal Mortier has forbidden all pillage?"

"I suppose we may take keepsakes," he replied. "But to what do you refer?"

"I was thinking," I replied, "of the malachite cabinet in the Rostopchin Palace."

"A peasant's lie," said Krautser, pale with anger and confusion, as he spurred on his horse, and joined the vanguard. That man had but one thought now. The beast of a Jew ran by his stirrup. How or where he had picked up this man, or what common interest brought them together, I never could learn.

Presently the news came that the two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Moscow had left the city. It was ours. No one was left in Moscow but beggars and thieves, and we entered the city soon after noon.

While others sought the Kremlin or the bazaars, the churches or the cafes, I employed myself in selecting a fit place for the wounded to winter in. When I had made my arrangements, under the guidance of a Cossack officer, a prisoner, I stopped at a great gateway, next door to our new quarters, and asked to what palace that led.

"That is the Rostopchin Palace, Frenchman," said the prisoner, "and contains furniture worth half a million of rubles, all left for your Corsican plunderers."

"We are no thieves," I said. "Marshal Mortier, the new governor of Moscow, is ordered on pain of death, to prevent all pillage."

"Ha!" says he, "look there; they have begun already."

I looked up to where he pointed; there were two men tearing down some shutters, and thrusting their heads out of a window on the third story. I looked; it was Krautser and that cursed Jew. They were evidently in full cry after those Rostopchin diamonds.

"Take charge of this officer," I said to the picket of grenadiers that accompanied me, "and wait below. I have business here." "Another of Marshal Mortier's robbers," muttered the Cossack; but I did not deign a reply.

I leaped through the shattered door, and in a moment was up the staircase. There, in the half-lit room, with light streaming through the broken shutters, were Krautser and the Jew, bending over a hole in the floor, from whence they had removed two layers of cedar-planks and much plaster and fresh earth. There, between them, was the malachite cabinet—the forced-off lid carefully replaced.

I was in a furious rage at the attempted assassination. "I don't know which of you it was who shot at me," said I, "but one of you it was. If it was this cursed Jew—who already I know to be a spy, and half suspect to be a murderer—I will kill him on the spot. If you, Monsieur Krautser, I shall report you to Marshal Mortier."

"I know what you want," said Krautser, suddenly looking up. "Don't swagger. You want your share; well, then, here take it; and so saying, he threw off the lid of the malachite cabinet with a hideous grin of triumph. It was empty; its velvet-lined recesses still bore the impress of tiaras, coronets, chains, and bracelets. "You see we were too late; other men had the fruit, and left the shell for us. As for the shot, we took you for a stray Russian, and being here alone, feared violence. For that shot, a thousand pardons, my dear doctor; but pray, keep this cabinet as a small remembrance of Moscow."

I left the room with a curse, dashing the

malachite box to pieces with a kick of my foot, and saw no more of Krautser and his Jew for many a day, although I heard a rumor, that he had undertaken, for several thousand rubles, to convey back to France a Russian lady of rank, whose husband had been taken prisoner at Wilna, and sent to the Temple. I never knew a man so transformed by a lust for wealth as that Krautser—fame, science, honor had all been sacrificed to that moloch.

That night, our ruin began—the Russians fired Moscow, the flames first breaking out in the coachmakers' warehouses. From that moment, the Emperor knew it was all over with him. The fatal retreat soon after began.

Every day matters grew worse and worse. When one morning, on 6th November, at Dorogobuzh, the first snow-flakes fell large as half-crowns, the Russian prisoners smiled bitterly, for they knew well what was coming. From that day, it grew worse and worse—thicker and thicker; and the Cossacks skinned round us like Arabs round a plague-struck caravan. As Segur says grandly in his great work:—"In this vast wreck, the army, like a great ship tossed by a tremendous tempest, threw into that vast weltering sea of ice and snow all that could impede its progress." First, plunder, guns, arms, powder, shot; then the wounded, the women, the sick, sutlers, prisoners, standards. At the convent of Kolotakol, it went to my heart to find thousands of my poor wounded dead, and the rest, whom we could not move, crowding to the door, lame and bandaged, stretching out their arms, and praying us to take them with us. There was no food but some miserable stragglers; no bivouac fire lit but in the morning some of our wretched soldiers were found dead, with their feet half-burned off, and their hair frozen to the ground.

Pounded corn and horse flesh had gradually been superceded by birch-bark and sawdust loaves. The Emperor gave orders to destroy one-half the wagons, so as to use the horses and draught oxen to help forward the artillery. Many of the cavalry, by the time we reached Studzianka—and many even of the Sacred Squadron, the five hundred officers who formed the bodyguard of the Emperor—were dismounted. Some of our men had their bleeding feet bandaged with rags, to replace their worn-out shoes. There were generals wrapped in women's pelisses. All discipline was rapidly going.

During the retreat, I had frequent glimpses of Krautser, who was always followed by that carrion-crow of a Jew. The day we left Moscow, I had seen him riding beside the sumptuous carriage that contained the Russian lady of rank whom he had undertaken to convey to Paris. A day or two later, when we halted at the lake of Somelin, to throw into it the ancient armor, cannon, the great cross of Ivan, and other trophies of Moscow, the carriage had disappeared, and Krautser and his charge were both mounted on horses. There was no sun visible, and the thick fog had suddenly changed into a heavy snow, that blew round us, and almost blinded the soldiers. Enaciated, dirty, and unshaven, our men already had begun to look more like hungry brigands than grenadiers of the Grand Army.

It was on this day that the Emperor himself dismounted, seized a musket, and marched at the head of the Old Guard, to encourage them. When I shut my eyes, I can see him now, with the stern, gripped mouth and the broad white forehead, over which one black cross of hair fell. I was riding quietly along with the vanguard, wrapped in thought, when one of my assistant-surgeons tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed at Krautser.

"Look at that man, Monsieur Frochot," he said; "observe how his holsters are stuffed out. The soldiers tell me they are full of jewels that he stole from a palace in Moscow. *Parbleu!* I would give a hatful of diamonds now myself to be safe in the Boulevards."

"And look at that poor woman, *camarade*," said a grenadier from the ranks—"how frightened she is of him; they say he beats her if she lags behind, he is so afraid of the Cossacks. Brute! I should like to put a bullet through him!"

"And here comes that Jew that never loses sight of him," cried a third fellow, with a red rag round his forehead—"follows him like a weasel does a wounded rabbit. I'd shoot that Jew if he followed me so. Ugh! how this snow blows in one's eyes!"

Worse and worse; you could trace our march by long lines of snow-hillocks, the graves of our unhappy soldiers. Four days from Smolensk, where we hoped to get food, I saw the poor Russian lady riding in a sutler's wagon, the next day on a gun-carriage. The day after that, I met her walking with almost bare feet, clinging to an old soldier, who had taken compassion on her; her hair was dishevelled, her rich dress had turned to rags. As day before we reached Smolensk, I came upon her body among a heap of camp followers who had been spared by the Cossacks. The snow already had partly covered her. I stopped for a moment, and even in the cruel selfishness of that terrible retreat, covered her face with some snow. Poor woman, at last her sufferings were over; she was beyond the reach of pain, sorrow, and hunger. As for that wretch Krautser, he, intent on saving his plunder, was riding hotly on to Smolensk,

hoping to be first to reach the oven, where the Jews were baking bread for the army. At the sight of Smolensk, with its half-burned walls and dismantled towers, hope once more revisited our hearts, we waved our flags and bayonets, and hurried head-long to the oven.

I found an infuriated mob of soldiers besieging the doors of the bakehouses where rations were to be distributed. Alarmed at their madness, the frightened Jews were handing out lumps of the unbaked dough. Hundreds of bayonets were tossing in the air, muskets were discharging, and here and there men were actually fainting with hunger on doorsteps, within arm's-length of the crowd. All order and discipline were gone, and amid a group of infuriated men screaming for more bread, officers were seen clamoring loudly as the meanest camp-follower.

Foremost among these, more cowardly and more importunate than any, I saw Krautser; he was mounted on a strong artillery-horse, and the well-stuffed holsters were still conspicuous objects on his saddle. He was breasting his way to the front among the cursing soldiers, and the Jew was clinging to his stirrup-leather. His arms were up in the air entreating for bread, and the bayonets were all round him before and behind, and on the right hand and on the left, so that he could not move them either up or down.

"Shoot the savant!" cried a drummer, on whom his horse had trodden; "soldiers first, savants after. Why didn't he foresee the bad weather?"

"Bread, bread, accursed Jew! bread, dear Jew!" screamed out Krautser, alternately wheedling and threatening.

"Bread, or we'll slay every Jew!" shouted the soldiers, tearing the dough to pieces as the Jew-bakers threw it in great white lumps among them, fierce as sharks fighting for a bait.

I was about four ranks off from Krautser, and was waiting patiently for my turn, when my attention was drawn to the Jew at the savant's side. He was bending down and evidently cutting at the savant's holsters with a thick, sharp knife. I was fascinated with the sight; so fascinated, that I lost all thought of giving the alarm, though amid the war of four or five thousand hoarse voices, it is not possible that any alarm I could have given could have reached him.

Suddenly I saw the holsters slide off, and the Jew stooped down and crawl under the horse's belly, and winding through the crowd, disappear down a side-alley.

"I think," said I to an officer next me, "that a Jew has robbed that man in front of us. I saw him cut off his holsters."

"Chas!" said the officer I addressed; "this is no time to look after thieves. Here, Jews—bread, bread; I'm starving; bread, Jew, or I'll fire my pistol."

Presently from the ravenous crowd Krautser emerged, devouring a huge lump of dough, tearing it with his hands, and cramming it in huge morsels into his mouth.

"Is there more to be got, Monsieur Krautser?" I said.

"I don't know or care," said the wretch; "it is every one for himself now. I'm off to Wilna."

At that moment, Krautser's eyes happened to fall upon his saddle; he saw that his holsters were gone. He turned pale as a corpse, then suddenly his eyes kindled with the fire of incipient madness, and he drew his sword and advanced upon me.

"Villain! thief! it is you," he said, "give me the jewels, or I'll cut you to pieces."

"Put up that sword, fool," I said, "or I'll shoot you down as I would a Cossack. It was that Jew who cut off your holsters, and ran down that lane."

The sword fell from Krautser's hands; his eyes rolled in their sockets; he flung up his arms, rose in his stirrups, gave a ghastly scream, and then sank into a half-paralyzed heap on the saddle, and rode slowly off down the lane I had indicated.

From that hour the savant's reason failed him; that shock had stricken him to the brain; his conduct became gradually more and more wild and raving. He rode up and down among the ranks of the vanguard, like a madman, seeking for the Jew, calling his name, threatening him with death, praying him to take half the jewels, and surrender the rest. At last, raving, and threatening a general with his sword, Krautser was arrested, and sent to the rear with the sick. It was then I was sent to see him, and pronounced him mad.

I need scarcely remind you of the horrors of the Berezina, when about thirty thousand of our soldiers perished. I, however, passed my wounded over early in the day, and escaped safe to Wilna. Krautser has been with me ever since, the Prussian Government paying for his support. He will never recover; his brain is softening; I give him two years longer to live.

The rascal Jew was never again heard of; but a year or so after my return, I happened to see an advertisement in an Amsterdam paper, announcing the sale of some valuable jewels, diamond brooches, sapphire necklace, and tiaras—"rarest water," "greatest lustre," &c.—the property of Moses Levi. The next paper contained a paragraph stating that the jewels previously advertised had been bought in by one of the leading jewellers of Paris for the Rostopchin family, to whom it had been discovered they belonged, having been stolen during the time

that the French held Moscow. These were the fatal jewels for which Krautser had committed so many crimes.

Thanking the doctor for his interesting story, I rose to go, for it was getting late. As he opened the front door for me, a tall, pale, thin woman, clothed in black, glided into the house, and passed into the porter's room.

"There," said the doctor, "behold a proof of the imperishability of woman's love! Talk of asbestos—talk of granite; that poor woman, twenty years ago, was engaged to be married to Krautser. She visits him every day, and has done so for years. He does not know her, and she does not care for her visits; still she comes—Have another cigar, to smoke going home? You won't? Very well. Good-night."

A MORMON WEDDING.

A Mormon newspaper gives the following account of the formalities observed when a "saint" espouses "supplementary" wives: "No man in Utah, who already has a wife, and who wishes to espouse another, has any right to make any propositions of marriage to a lady, until he has consulted the President over the whole church, and through him obtains a revelation from God, as to whether it would be pleasing in His sight. If he is forbidden by revelation, that ends the matter; if, by revelation, the privilege is granted, he still has no right to consult the feelings of the young lady, until he has obtained the approbation of her parents, provided they are living in Utah; if their consent cannot be obtained, this also ends the matter. But if the parents or guardians freely give their consent, then he may make propositions of marriage to the young lady; if she refuses these propositions, this also ends the matter; but if she accept, a day is generally set apart by the parties for the marriage ceremony to be celebrated. It is necessary to state that before any man takes the least step towards getting another wife, it is his duty to consult the feelings of the wife he already has, and obtain her consent. When the day set apart for the solemnization of the marriage ceremony has arrived, the bridegroom and his wife, and also the bride, together with their relatives, and such other guests as may be invited, assemble at the place which they have appointed. The Scribe then proceeds to take the names, ages, native towns, counties, states and countries of the parties to be married, which he carefully enters on record. The Prophet, Seer and Revelator is over the whole church throughout the world, and who alone holds the keys of authority in this solemn ordinance (as recorded in the fifth paragraph of the revelation on marriage), calls upon the bridegroom and his wife, and the bride, to arise, which they do, fronting the President. The wife stands on the right hand of her husband, while the bride stands on the left. The President then puts this question to the wife: 'Are you willing to give this woman to your husband to be his lawful and wedded wife, for time and for eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand in the right hand of your husband.' The right hand of the bridegroom and bride being thus joined, the wife takes the husband by the left arm, as if in the attitude of walking. The President then proceeds to ask the following questions of the man: 'Do you, brother, (calling him by name) take sister, (calling the bride by name), by the right hand to receive her unto yourself, to be your lawful and wedded wife, and you to be her lawful and wedded husband, for time and for all eternity, with a covenant and promise on your part, that you will fulfil all the laws, rites and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels, and these witnesses, of your free will and choice?' The bridegroom answers 'yes.' The President then says: 'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I pronounce you legally and lawfully husband and wife for time and for all eternity; and I seal upon you the blessings of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, clothed with glory, immortality and eternal life; and I seal upon you the blessings of thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, and exaltations, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and I seal upon you, be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, that you may have joy and rejoicing in your posterity in the day of the Lord Jesus. All these blessings, together with other blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, I seal upon your heads, through your faithfulness unto the end, by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, in the name of the Father, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.' The Scribe then enters on the general record the date and place of the marriage."

An eminent medical man has just discovered the true cause of a patient's disposition on one particular day. The creature so afflicted, had, it appears, early that morning, turned in bed. (Wretched!

Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected—a sort of police in citizen's clothes—who are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

Sweet little girl, just the look at her up with the regular her grace with her. To tell her of this she knows for how to what a To what Though soon, We are her. As she sits When a heart Noble in foot (some boy And with his His burning While twirl will she take Oh, sweet little Let a gentle That shall Think of the Of the one; And whatever Be it well w. Launcelot cutta in her once establish Richard Th den convicted had taken mind, respect man who h carrie, and "I tell you gene-painter but proof po ence in Ino path would es that flin Berkshire. time. He d friends. He no doubt, an live by th om his mot profession to kely than the use of accoun Richard—und ore likely? an I saw on saw in Wis time. You c hled ideas, th. It is th nesses of my "And what asked gr ove this; by elicit to get will waste y arp your ne inform you man into a de dear, th; full decept practice it away—what at end is ga the accomplish ed in the Ru What do yo I mean that to avenge y nor the law He may ar poor father can prove r that he playe safe, and th ey. He wo poor Nelly, age as this g If I can ope as firm; demonstrate ish Launcelot You know he Yes. His un Maurice's firmest fri story, Dick, igh from m mcelot Darrel money, and y dies withou prove to th a melanch gh his neph would ne money. I kn ard to it, thou

to change upon it. I was deceived, Miss Vincent, and for twenty years I have been deceived by that bitter lesson. Heaven help me if I feel inclined to forget it now. I am forty years of age, but I do not think that the brightness of my life has quite gone yet. Twenty years ago I was in love, and in the order and freshness of my youth, I dare say I talked a great deal of nonsense. I am in love once more, Eleanor. Will you forgive me if I tell you my feelings for a moment? Will you let me tell you, in very few and simple words, that I love you; that I have loved you for a very long time; and that you will make me unexpressably happy if you can think my earnest devotion worthy of some return?"

Every vestige of color faded slowly from Eleanor's face. There had been a time—before the return of Laurence Darrell—when a word of praise, an expression of friendship or regard from Gilbert Monckton, had been very precious to her. She had never taken the trouble to analyze her feelings. That time, before the coming of the young man, had been the sunniest and most carefree period of her youth. She had during that interval been false to the memory of her father—she had suffered herself to be happy. But now a gulf yawned between her and that lapse of forgetfulness. She could not look back clearly; she could not remember or recall her former feelings. Gilbert Monckton's offer might then have awakened some answering sentiment in her own breast. Now his hand struck upon the slackened chords of a shattered instrument; and there was no music to respond harmoniously to the player's touch.

"Can you love me, Eleanor? Can you love me?" the lawyer asked, imploringly, taking the girl's hands in his own. "Your heart is free; yes, I know that; and that at least is something. Heaven forgive me if I try to bribe you. But my youth is passed, and I can scarcely expect to be loved for myself alone. Think how dreary and unadorned your life must be, if you refuse my love and protection. Think of that, Eleanor. Ah! if you knew what a woman is when thrown upon the world without the shelter of a husband's love, you would think seriously. I want you to be more than my wife, Eleanor. I want you to be the guardian and protectress of that poor frivolous girl whose future has been trusted to my care. I want you to come and live at Toldale, my darling, so as to be near that poor child at Hazlewood."

Near Hazlewood! The hot blood rushed into Eleanor's face at the sound of those two words, then faded suddenly away and left her deadly white, trembling and clinging to the back of her chair for support. To all else that Gilbert Monckton had said she had listened in a dull stupor. But now her intellect arose and grasped the full importance of the lawyer's supplication. In a moment she understood that the one chance which of all other things upon this earth she had most desired, and which of all other things had seemed furthest removed from her, was now within her reach.

She might go back to Hazlewood. She might return as Gilbert Monckton's wife. She did not stop to consider how much was involved in this. It was her nature to be ruled by impulse, and impulse only; and she had yet to learn submission to a better guidance. She could go back to Hazlewood. She would have returned there as a kitchen-maid, had the opportunity of so doing offered itself to her; and she was ready to return as Gilbert Monckton's wife.

"My prayers have been heard," she thought. "My prayers have been heard: Providence will give me power to keep my promise. Providence will set me face to face with that man."

Eleanor Vane stood with her hands clasped upon the back of her chair, thinking of this, and looking straight before her, in utter unconsciousness of the earnest eyes that were fixed upon her face, while the lawyer waited breathlessly to hear her decision.

"Eleanor," he cried, entreatingly, "Eleanor, I have been deceived once; do not let me be a woman's dupe, now that there are streaks of gray among my hair. I love you, my dear. I can make you independent and secure; but I do not offer you a fortune or a position of sufficient magnitude or grandeur to tempt an ambitious woman. For God's sake, do not trifle with me. If you love me now, or can hope to love me in the future, be my wife. But if any other image holds the smallest place in your heart—if there is one memory, or one regret, that can come between us, Eleanor, dismiss me from your unhesitatingly. It will be merciful to me—to you also, perhaps—to do so. I have seen a union in which there was love on one side, and indifference—or something worse than indifference—upon the other. Eleanor, think of all this, and then tell me, frankly, if you can after all be my wife."

Eleanor Vane dimly comprehended that there was a depth of passionate feeling beneath the quiet earnestness of the lawyer's manner. She tried to listen, she tried to comprehend; but she could not. The one idea which held possession of her mind, kept that mind locked against every other impression. It was not his love, it was not his name, or his fortune, that Gilbert Monckton offered her—he offered her the chance of returning to Hazlewood.

"You are very good," she said. "I will be your wife. I will go back to Hazlewood." She held out her hand to him. No trace

of womanly confusion, or natural coquetry, betrayed itself in her manner. Pale and absorbed she held out her hand, and offered up her future as a small and unconsidered matter, when set against the one idea of her life—the promise to her dead father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Gold Watch; OR, THE REBUKED WIFE.

Troublesome times test principles. Perhaps that is one reason why they are permitted, nay more, appointed to be a part of our life portion here below—our discipline for eternity; and when we note our failures before the lesser trials, how does it quicken us to look to the Strong for help against the trials of the cloudy and dark day! "For if we have run with the footmen, and they have wearied us, how shall we contend with the horsemen?" A family named P——, much respected, not merely for their wealth and station, but for their moral worth and benevolence, lived in the south of Ireland many years ago. They were connected with the Society of Friends, and lived consistently with their principles of peace and nonresistance, up to the trying days of '98. Then, however, many who were not politically obnoxious to the times were made prey of on account of their property, at least the portable part of it, such as money, plate, and jewels; and among these victims were the P——s. Their peaceable habitation had been long doomed to a nocturnal visit, and was at length broken into and spoiled, without any active resistance from the proprietors. Probably from tampering with the domestic servants, the robbers were fully aware of the whole amount of valuables they had to expect, and were about to depart with their booty, when one of the party said to Mrs. P——, "You have a gold watch." She had slipped it into her bosom on the attack, so she replied quietly, "No, I have not." Her husband was standing by, and when he heard her denial, he turned on her such a look and such a reproach as she had never met before from him. "Mary," he said, "I am ashamed of thee! Wouldst thou then barter thy peace, by an untruth, for the sake of thy gold watch?" The rebuked wife stood abashed before her husband; and taking her watch from her bosom, handed it over to the robber. Some time afterwards Mr. P—— was sent for to the county town on an unexpected errand; the party of robbers had been arrested for another robbery, and Mr. P—— was sent for to identify his property, every article of which was returned to him safely. In jail, suspicion first rested on the leader of the gang, from Mrs. P——'s watch having her initials. The restoration of the watch was an additional reproach to Mrs. P——, who felt that her husband's truthfulness had been, as it were, thus rewarded. To our young readers this is a suggestive anecdote.

"Oh! 'tis a lovely thing for youth,
To walk betimes in widow's way;
To fear a lie; to speak the truth!
That we may trust to all they say."

A downy-faced sold another man a horse for a certain number of sheep, to be delivered such a day. They came promptly, but to the purchaser's astonishment, all nicely shorn! It was a cool transaction, especially for the sheep.

"The times are so hard I can hardly manage to keep my head above water," said a husband the other night to his wife, who was importuning him for a new dress. "No," she replied, with some asperity, "but you can keep it above brandy and water easy enough."

A Maine editor, having been elected fence viewer and field-driver, announces that although he is somewhat afraid of horned cattle he is great on the fence. Any of his constituents who wish any viewing done, are invited to bring their fences to his office.

One of the most valuable veins of petroleum yet discovered was lately struck in Venango county, Pennsylvania. The well commenced flowing on Saturday last, the oil spouting up to a height of fifty feet, with a roar like a hurricane, and escaping at the rate of two thousand barrels per day. A stop cock was got on after much trouble, and the flow can now be regulated to suit the demand. Another flowing well in the vicinity was so affected by the opening of the new well that its yield decreased over three hundred barrels per day. The new well, which is about four hundred and fifty feet deep, was at last accounts flowing steadily at the rate of twelve hundred barrels a day. This, even at the moderate prices now ruling at the wells, would yield the owners \$3,600 per day.

The London Quarterly remarks on the great use made of bigamy as an incident of the sensation novels of the day. Of the twenty-four novels placed at the head of its article for review, it says no less than eight are "bigamy stories." Is there so much romance, then, in the passion of men and women for more carnal bliss than the law allows?

The Charleston Courier says that "Stonewall Jackson had a strong presentiment that he would be killed before the war was brought to a close, and that the event would take place in the last or one of the last battles fought."

NO PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

Does it not seem as if in some houses there is actually no place for the boys? We do not mean the little boys—there is always room for them; they are petted and caressed; there is a place for them on papa's knee and at mamma's footstool, if not in her arms; there are loving words, and many, often too many, indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the school-boys, great noisy romping fellows, who tread on your drom, and upset your work basket, and stand in your light, and whistle, and drum, and shout, and ask questions, and contradict.

So what is to be done with them? Do they not want to be loved and cherished now as dearly as they were in that well remembered time when they were the little ones, and were indulged, petted and caressed? But they are so noisy, and they wear out the carpet with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone, say the tired mother, and the fastidious sister, and the nervous aunt; "anything for peace sake," so away go the boys to "load" on street corners, and listen to the profane and coarse language of wicked men, or to the railroad station, or to the wharves, or to the common places of rendezvous of those who have nothing to do or no place to stay. We protest against the usages of those homes where the boys are driven out because their presence is unwelcome, and they are scolded when they come in, or checked, hushed, and restrained at every outburst of merriment.

Mrs. Barton has four boys between the ages of seven and fourteen—active, merry, intelligent lads. Their father is in his store until late in the evening, very often, and the boys are mostly under their mother's training. When they choose to play out after school, they do so, but within certain limits. When they choose to stay in, they are made heartily welcome. There is no scolding about the thick boots making a noise or wearing out the carpet, for from the earliest days the law of the house has enforced the putting off the boots and the putting on of the slippers when they come in. There are books for those who choose to read, and games for those who choose to play—light and warm and pleasant words, sympathy for all, and caresses for those who love caresses, and companionship and conversation for the elder ones who begin to be companionable, and discuss the questions of the day. Who believes that the sons of such a family will be willingly enticed into haunts of wickedness, or easily alienated from the love of such a home?

If Mrs. Gray, who calls vacation season, and doesn't see what it is for, and who, when her children come in after school, exclaims, "There, go out, and don't let me see one of you in here again till supper time," should consider for a moment that she is making home but a sleeping-place and eating-place for her children, and preparing the way for future mortification, and sorrow, she would perhaps consider before it is too late. A remark of one of her children might enlighten her:

"Mother doesn't love us a bit. She loves Willie, though, because he's the baby."

"But she won't when he is as old as we are," says Charlie; "she'll drive him out then, just as she does us."

Yet Mrs. Gray does love her children dearly. If any one doubts it, let him strike or injure one of them; or instead, let him look into the family sitting-room at eleven o'clock on a Saturday night, and see the tired form as she bends to the basket of stockings, or folds neatly the mended garments, and brushes carefully the Sunday suits. So much for the body; but how with the impracticable young hearts? She makes them learn the Sunday school lessons, and gives them all a New Year's present of a Bible, and then turns them into the street. Good pity the boys for whom there is no place in the house! If they escape contamination and vice, it is of His mercy who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice, and who called little children unto him and blessed them.

The parents may do well who carefully lay up money for their children, educate them at school, and set them up in business; but they do infinitely better who never suffer the love that warmed the cradle-side to grow cold, who lay aside their own comfort and convenience to make home attractive to their sons, and send them out to fight the battle of life, armed with the panoply of firm principles, and warmed and invigorated by the cherishing love whose vigils began at the cradle and will end only at the grave.—*Mother's Magazine.*

THE TWO B'S.

Says the Battery to the Bayonet,
With derisive irony,
"Blindest of all blades I've met,
Do you think you can carry me?"
Says the Bayonet to the Battery,
"Square up with your elbow joint,
And you'll find that however slim I be,
I always carry my point!"
—*Vanity Fair.*

The celebrated John Foster thus describes a bigot: "He sees religion, not as a sphere, but a line; and it is a line in which he is moving. He is like an African buffalo—sees right forward, but nothing to the right nor left. He would not perceive a legion of angels or devils at the distance of ten yards on the one side or the other."

A WIDOW'S GENTLEMAN-VICTIM.

A London paper gives the following affecting particulars of a sad affair:—

"A tall, aristocratic-looking, handsome man, with monach-shaded lip, and very glossy, luxuriant hair, but who had a very weak voice, made an affecting application to the Clerkenwell police magistrate on Saturday. He said he had been victimized by a young and designing widow. He had met her at a friend's house, and she being 'young, fair, handsome, with large oval eyes and slender white hands,' he had at last fallen in love with her. He took an early opportunity to declare his love, and he was sorry to say, was accepted. He purchased for her several presents, lent her money, and at her request also purchased several articles of furniture, which he gave to her; and he had even gone so far as to pay the money for putting up the banns. A day or two after he had done so, he spoke to her in a kind manner about the necessity of her prohibiting the frequent visits of a male cousin, on which she became very excited, said she loved the little finger of her cousin better than she did the whole of his (applicant's) person, and ordered him to leave the house, and never let her see him any more. Since then she would not see him, and had married her cousin; and, what made the matter worse, when he had applied for his articles of furniture to be given back to him, she declined to see him, but sent a message to say that if he annoyed her, her husband would give him a sound thrashing. He wanted to know if he could not compel her to let him have his presents back, and whether he could not compel her to repay him the money he had lent her.—The magistrate said he could not compel her to give him back his presents, and if he wanted his money, he had better sue the husband in the County Court. The applicant, who seemed very chop fallen, then left the court."

A PRETTY THOUGHT.—I was reading the other day that on the shores of the Adriatic Sea the wives of fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit of evading of going down to the seashore, and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they listen, till their hear borne by the wind across the desert sea the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps if we could listen, we too might hear on this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home, and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of earth, perhaps we shall hear its echo breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of them that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath foundations.—*Dr. John Cummings.*

"DRUNKENNESS IN ARMIES."—Drunkenness has been, the world over, the bane of the military service. Among the acknowledged causes of the failure of the English in the Crimea was the general prevalence of intoxication among the officers. Mr. Russell tells us that life in the camp was little else than a continuous orgie, and that colonels, and even generals, went to battle in a condition of such beastly inebriation that they could hardly sit on their horses.

GRAMMAR VS. LITERATURE.—The author of A System of English Grammar is reported as having computed the grammatical errors in Hallam's Literature of Europe to be about 500, and in Alison's History of Europe about three times as many. Alas! for our literature and for the temerity of these luckless authors who had no wholesome fear of Lindley Murray before their eyes.

The deepest life of nature is silent and obscure; so, often, the elements that move and mould society are the result of the sister's counsel and the mother's prayer.—*Chapin.*

REFLECTION BY A POULTRIER.—It is a fact creditable to barn-yard nature, that while curses come home to roost, roosters never come home to curse.

Gen. Elwell, who succeeds Stonewall Jackson, has but one leg, and is strapped on his horse while on the field.

A DEAD HEAD.—Last Sunday, in an eastern village, when the plate was being passed in church, a newly-appointed editor said to the collector—"Go on; I'm a dead-head—I've got a pass."

The lap dog of the Empress Eugenie is thus described: "Her hair is fully eight inches long, and of snowy whiteness and silky fineness. The body is very small, as is also the head, but the tail appears an enormous fleece, and the ears of proportionate size. Coquette lives in a glass house on the floor of which is a Persian carpet. She lies upon a cushion covered with crimson silk, and seems a very dainty being. Her food and the water which she drinks are placed in a corner of the aforesaid glass house on a porcelain plate and in a silver cup which she won for her late proprietor."

A French gentleman, who had heard rum called spirits, went into one of our hotels a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with "ghosts from Madagascar rata."

Deaths from Fire in England.

In his last published Report, the Registrar-General puts forth a startling statement on the mortality that takes place in England from fire. It appears that in fourteen years (1848-1861) nearly forty thousand persons were burned to death—that is, died in consequence of burns or scalds—in this country. This is at the rate of eight deaths a day from fire! What an outcry would be raised if the Times' correspondent in India reported eight suicides every day, or if news came from Fiji that eight youths were roasted from time to time, to satisfy the demand for "long pig." But, as this destruction occurs at home, and not thousands of miles away, it serves to supply sensation-paragraphs, and is then forgotten. On examination of the Report, we find that of the deaths therein recorded for the fourteen years, 15,631 were of children under four years of age; that 6,355 girls and 3,750 boys perished between the ages of five and fifteen, and 2,123 old women. Age and infancy alike fall victims to this terrible scourge; and yet, on calm reflection, it is impossible to resist the conviction that the greater part of this cruel loss of life is preventable. If every fireplace were protected by a guard, children could not pull down kettles of boiling water, or amuse themselves with lighted sticks or paper; neither could maulin dresses, however thin, or however much expanded by crinoline, come into contact with the grate. The means of prevention is so simple, so cheap, and so effectual, that it would seem as if all who neglect it must be chargeable with great carelessness or culpability; and as the Registrar says:—"Private houses should all be provided on each floor of the sleeping apartments with the means of escape, in the event of the lower apartments taking fire during the night; especial provision to be made for women and children."

AN ENGLISH OFFICER'S OPINION OF OUR CHANCES.

"If the North cannot resolve to form a limited regular army, shoot for desertion and disobedience, and fling for plunder and skulking, they had better offer some endurable peace, based on independence East of the Mississippi, and then if that is rejected, trust solely to their endurance.—They are showing some of the qualities most essential to a race which claims empire—courage, tenacity and lightness of heart, amid disasters under which a really mercurial race like the French would long ago have submitted to fate. But neither courage nor doggedness, nor even cheerful trust, will make one-inch iron plates clamped together impervious to Whitworth guns, or turn an unwieldy horde of armed men into a working army, like that with which Wellington invaded France. They are fighting a race as able as themselves, full of inventiveness and capacity, armed with all the strength of enthusiasm and all the terrible pride of race, and they must obey the laws of science, or sacrifice themselves to the vain theory that because a man's object is good fire will cease to burn him."

HOW THE POLISH INSURGENTS LOOK.

A letter from Poland describes the uniform of the Polish insurgents as follows:—"They wear a close-fitting coat called a gunke, quite plain, without either buttons or frogs, and made of coarse brown cloth, gray trousers, a wide leather belt, a square cap, amaranth turned up with black. They carry a double-barreled gun slung over the shoulders, a revolver stuck in the belt, and a small bag for bread, &c. The cavalry are dressed in the same manner, and armed with lances bearing the Polish colors, red and white. The flags of the insurgents have on one side the white eagle of Poland and the white horse of Lithuania; on the other the portrait of Our Lady of Czestochowa, with the legend, 'For our liberty and yours.'"

LITERARY HACKS.—In a London paper an agent advertises that he can introduce to the proprietors of newspapers and periodicals, and to publishers, "without delay or expense, editors, sub-editors, talented writers on political, literary, scientific and art subjects, translators, literary hacks, reporters, and readers." There are such unfortunates as literary hacks; but who would like to be openly engaged as such?—*American Publishers' Circular.*

The Richmond papers have a story that when our troops left Fredericksburg, an officer was discovered detached from his party by Miss Philippa Barbour and other ladies. They commanded him to halt, but as he ran away they gave chase, and he was so tickled by the idea that his strength was exhausted by laughing, so that he could run no further, and was cornered in a garden and captured by the malicious damsels.

"It's never for their wisdom one loves the wisest, or for their wit that one loves the wittiest; 'tis for benevolence and virtue and honest fondness; one loves people; the other qualities make one proud of loving them too."—*Mrs. Thrale.*

MADAGASCAR RAT EXTERMINATOR.—A peddler had distributed a large quantity in a neighborhood, and yet the vermin were as alive and active as ever. On being told that it had no effect—"Perhaps," said the imperturbable peddler, "yours may not be the Madagascar rata."

PATIENCE IN MILKING.—A writer says that a cow was cured of holding up her milk by patiently milking until she ceased to hold it, and by continuing the practice, she has become an easy, regular, and good cow.

A SPECIMEN OF THE "WHAKEE SEX."—There is a marvel of nature at this moment to be seen in Lyons, France. It is a young Spanish girl, aged seventeen, called Maria Perez, and she can lift up a weight of 300 pounds with her hair. At the age of five she exhibited all the development of a woman.

The celebrated surgeon, Dr. Abernethy, used occasionally to pass a joke on the medical profession. Happening to get a fall when walking in the Strand, he felt sprained and stiff on rising. A gentleman passing, who assisted in helping him up, said to him—"Shall I call a doctor, sir?" "For Heaven's sake do not," replied Abernethy; "but be so kind as to call a hackney-coach."

At a whist table a spectator noticing that a lady, who was one of the players, seemed rather unusually sober, remarked that judging her by her looks, she must be playing a losing game. "What!" said a witty gentleman present, "must a lady always smile to be winning?"

It is curious to see how much more anxious some people are to find fault with the government than with the rebels. To hear them talk one would imagine that "our wayward sisters" were only indulging in a little harmless escapade, while the government was engaged in a grand conspiracy for the overthrow of our liberties!

The head of an old man, like a mountain-top, whitens as it gets nearer heaven.

A man named Tinsler was recently tried in Paris for stealing a metal spoon from the eating-house of Madame Brard. The President of the Tribunal, addressing the prisoner, said:—"You are accused of stealing a metal spoon." The Prisoner—"Yes, but I thought it was silver!" [Laughter.] Madame Brard—"C'est franc, au moins" (that's frank at least.) Prisoner—"Soyez francs! (sept francs.) It was not worth seven sous!"

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "THE EARLY HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNING," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIDNIGHT," &c.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year, \$4.00
4 copies, one year, 16.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,) 32.00
30 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,) 120.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE? To any one sending thirty subscriptions and \$60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for \$45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of \$3.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the \$60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive the papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30) and whole amount of money (\$60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Phila.

F. S.—Editors who give the above an insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

in the United States, apls-cowly

Wit and Humor.

NOT EASILY FRIGHTENED.

The shepherd's wife, who attends to the duties of her office at Birkhill, Scotland, is a character worth knowing. She is strong-minded and strong-voiced; and a number of authentic anecdotes are told of her prowess. The following is one of the best.

Her home is solitary, no other dwelling being within miles of it, and during the day, when her husband and son are on the hills, she has sometimes strange visitors, for the road passing the door connects the east with the west of Scotland in that district. When the Hawick branch of the North British Railway was making, trains often passed this way from the Carlisle line towards Hawick, and of these she generally had a call. A solitary, Irish navy came in one day when she was alone, saving a little girl, a grandchild. After lighting his pipe, and staring round him for a time, the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, missus," said he; "you've some mighty nice hams there."

"Nice hams," was the dry response.

"Faix, I think I'll have one, missus!"

"But ye'll no get one, my man."

Faith, nothing daunted, put his foot upon a stool for the purpose of taking one down from the ceiling, where they hung, and he did so boldly, for he saw no one was in the house but the woman and child. With a stern face, however, she suddenly stepped before him, and said:

"Did any body see ye come in here?"

"The devil a one," was answered, decidedly.

"And the devil a one'll see ye gang out again! Bring me the axe, lassie!"

In a moment the blackguard was out at the door and off, leaving her to enjoy a hearty laugh at the success of her ruse.

ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

In 1848, while the Convention which nominated General Taylor, was in session at Philadelphia, a somewhat noted local politician from Pickaway county, Ohio, was in the city mingling in the mass. As the Convention adjourned over Sunday, he concluded to go to church. We will let him tell his own story:

"I had mounted my best regalia and looked fine; stopped at the door and asked the sexton for a seat; was shown a very good one, entirely unoccupied, in the back part of which I seated myself. In a short time a very decent-looking man, plainly dressed, entered and took the front of the pew. I held my head reverently, and looked pious. He glanced at me several times, then took out a white handkerchief, looked at me again, then took out a card, drew his pencil, wrote, 'This is my pew, sir,' and tossed the card to me."

"I picked it up, and immediately wrote on it, 'It is a very good one. What rent do you pay?' and tossed it back."

THOMAS BOYD.—"Our little Bobby," of four years, had been lectured by his aunt on the evil of disobedience to parents, and the example was shown him of a boy who disobeyed his mother and went to the river and got drowned.

"Did he die?" said Bobby, who had given the story due attention.

"Yes," was the serious reply.

"What did they do with him?" asked Bobby, after a moment's reflection.

"Carried him home," replied the monitor, with due solemnity.

After turning the matter over in his mind, as it was hoped profitably, he looked up and closed the conversation by asking—

"Why didn't they chuck him in again?"

A RICH ADVERTISEMENT.—The following advertisement appears among the matrimonials of the New York Herald:

Matrimonial.—A Young Widower, aged 45, more or less of prepossessing appearance, and engaging manners, and who sports a beautiful head of hair, and an elegant moustache, and a pearly set of teeth, nearly new, and who is free from all incumbrances, except six small children, a mother-in-law and a maiden aunt, desires to form the acquaintance of a few dozen young ladies, with a view to matrimony. Wealth is indispensable, as the advertiser has very red. Those contemplating matrimony may enclose (if convenient) carte de visite and one dollar in specie to pay for this notice, and address, with stamp, Gay and Happy, Lodgegate, Pa.

A SKINNED HEAD.—Alonso was taken to church for the first time. The services had not begun. Deacon Wells, a bald-headed man came in; Alonso looked at him curiously. Mr. Ostrow, came down the aisle, and he had no hair where the hair ought to grow. Alonso was flustered. Squire Jones, to his aid! as Mount Blanc, walked in, and Alonso could hold in no longer. In a flash, ringing voice he cried,

"Oh, ma! ma! there comes another man with a skinned head!"

"Tain't much of a heaven!" said a youth, as he kissed the maiden's cheek. "Well, you're plenty of lip, I'm sure!" replied the maiden. "Yes, and you're plenty of cheek," responded the youth, as he repeated the compliment.

A HINT TO AMBITIOUS COLONELS.

A correspondent of the New York Mercury relates the following:—A detail was made from our division, of three or four regiments, to escort a forage train to Harrisburg Landing, the command of the escort devolving on a Colonel who was known to be making aspirations to a Brigadiership. On reaching the landing, Colonel R— learned that a squad of guerrillas were encamped about two miles up the river, and he conceived the plan of sending three or four companies up on a transport, to "clean them out." The weather was wet and cold, and our men did not feel much like doing anything besides what they were detailed for originally; consequently, when this expedition was announced, it was not received with very good grace by those concerned.

Suddenly, one of the men, hailing a comrade, within hearing of the ambitious Colonel, said—

"Jim, do you know what Colonel R— is going to do up the river?"

"No," replied Jim; "do you?"

"Yes," responded our wit; "he is going to send his eagles up there to hatch stars."

Probably it was the laugh that followed that riled the Colonel.

The Song of the Disconsolate One.

[To several old tunes, because composed in a heated ballroom, where he could not get any fresh air.]

"She wore a wreath of roses
The time that first we met!"—
(Her handsome Roman nose is
Most beautifully set).

When I was introduced to her,
She sweetly smiled and bowed—
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the lovely Miss O'Dowd.

"She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine!"—
(The lobster-red wasn't bad,
But I couldn't stand the wine).

What with the pace she went at,
And what with the heat and crowd,
Oh! my head, my head was reeling
As I danced with Miss O'Dowd.

"Let other lips and other hearts
Their tale of sorrow tell!"—
(That stuff for cleaning gloves imparts
A most unpleasant smell)—

I'd gladly dance a thousand times
With her, were I allowed.
Oh! my heart, my heart is aching—
Oh! that eldest Miss O'Dowd.

"Her mother bade her blind her hair
With bands of roseate hue!"—
(I wonder she hadn't better taste
Than to mix 'em up with blue).

When on the light fantastic toe
We danced to the music loud,
Oh! my heart was palpitating
Next to that of Miss O'Dowd.

"Maxwellton braces are bonny,
And Christmas bills be due!"—
(I wonder has she money?
Is her governor a screw?)

Of her beauty and accomplishments
She's not the least bit proud—
Oh! my heart is shivering to little bits
By Mary Jane O'Dowd!

By Mary Jane O'Dowd!

GREEK MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The Greeks marry young. Marriage is the subject of conversation amongst young people sixteen years of age. They marry somewhat inconsiderately, and without any certain prospects. If they delayed taking a wife until they were sure of being able to maintain her, the population would diminish. Marriage is a purely religious act. The betrothal, another religious ceremony, has almost as sacred a character as marriage. In certain cantons—in Misicouloughi, for instance—a betrothed young man enjoys all the rights of a husband. They delay the celebration of the union until the promise of their first fruits. If the future bridegroom, after the conscientious celebration of his betrothal, were to draw back from completing his engagement, his refusal would cost him his life.

A story is told of a betrothed young man who took refuge on board a Portuguese ship on the eve of his wedding. He died at Lisbon of a stab with a knife.

It is difficult to break off a marriage which is not yet completed, nothing is easier than to undo it when it is done. The papas, or priests, are not incorruptible, and, if you know by which end to handle them, will contrive to discover in the most regular union five or six informalities sufficient to annul the marriage. After having lived with your wife forty years, they will make it a point of conscience to declare that you have been erroneously married, and that the person in question is nothing to you. But it costs very dear, as Panurge says. If it pleases you to have been married, whilst it displeases you to be married still, divorce shines for all the world. Certain ladies are to be seen in Athens who have been divorced three times, and who could ask their three husbands to dinner without the public's having a right to find fault with them. But divorce is a luxury which humble people scarcely ever indulge in.

An honest man's the noblest work of God; but the edition is small, suggests the New Orleans Picayune.



TICKET CLERK.—"Where for, ma'am?"
OLD LADY.—"There! Laws a mercy if I haven't forgot. Oh! mister, please run over a few of the willages on this railway, will yer?"
[Bell rings—old lady is swept away.]

A FAMOUS LAND.

If there be a part of the world which ought to tempt the traveller, it is assuredly that region of Asia which lies between the Caspian and Black seas. Tradition declares this to be the cradle of the human race. Here, say the Persians and Armenians, was the Garden of Eden; here, as every one knows, stands the mighty Ararat, from which mankind spread after the deluge. Here are the best and most undeniable physical evidences of that astonishing catastrophe. Here hunted the Biblical Nimrod, here Noah planted the vine. Here languished Prometheus chained to the rock, with vultures ever gnawing at his liver. Hither sailed Jason and the Argonauts, and hence departed the enchantress Medea. One of the rivers of this region still bears the name of Cyrus the Great. Alexander of Macedon is a household word among the Caucasian villagers. Hence flowed Greco-ward that stream of gorgeous fable which widened into Hellenic mythology. Here Pompey conquered, and the soldiers of Imperial Rome bled in vain. Here Gregory preached, and Tamerlane and Genghis Kahn spread havoc; the Turks uprooted the Genoese on these shores, to be themselves uprooted in due time by the more opportune Russians. Over the Caucasian wall, at the dread hour when Allah's time shall sound, Gog and Magog shall cross to put an end to the empire of Islamism on earth; and destroy the kingdom of the true believers. When the Russians swept away the Georgian throne, 1800, learned men at Tiflis exclaimed in their anguish that the fallen monarchy had existed without interruption since the time of Abraham; there is good historical evidence to prove a line of kings extending over a period of 2,345 years.

Agricultural.

CLEANING HOUSE.

And now, gentle reader, you will ask, perhaps, what all this cleaning house has to do with horticulture and its kindred work. Without shaming you too much by boldly answering, "a good deal," we would nevertheless, gently insinuate a good deal by way of analogy. How? you would say. Why, listen, then, and we will tell you. Perhaps, among other good things, you rejoice in the possession of a peach, a pear, or an apple orchard; perhaps in all three. Think you, then, that there is never a season for house cleaning among these? Is there no health and comfort, or, in other words, thrift and profit to be looked after among them? Let us take a short excursion through them, and see how the house looks. And first we will pass up through these peach trees, on our way to the pears and apples. Well, these are fine-looking trees; they have made great growth for the three years that you tell me they have been planted; but stop a moment, my friend; first look close to the ground, around that fine, dark-colored, clean-barked tree you are bragging about, and tell me what moisture the ground about it, and what all that stuff is clinging around the butt. Gum, eh? Precisely; gum it is. Now out with your knife; scrape away, dig into the bark, and see what it is that causes all this gum to exude. What are you astonished at that great, fat, white grub, that you have just taken out; so over-fed that he fairly rolls out the moment you touch his hiding-place? This is his season. He is now enjoying his carnival. Insatiable

glutton! he means to stop only when he has girdled that tree, and you would only have known it when too late to effect the cure. Now follow the housewife's plan—clean house. Now is the season. A month more, and you will be the loser.

Now let us pass up among the pears. See here what our Hibernian incompetency effected for you last season. Look where the whiffle-tree has struck when the plough passed through here last summer. Look on that row of trees, and see every fourth and fifth tree has a large piece of bark cracked, raised up, and protruding like an ugly scab. Well, look into it, or rather under it. What do you find? A perfect nest of insects, a mass of eggs. Just so. Here is what in a few weeks later will prove an army, which shall lay waste the beauties of the orchard, just as effectually as Uncle Sam's hosts have done in rebellion.

Look, too, at this row of trees; these dwarf Duchesse d'Angouleme, Bartlett's, etc. What is the matter with the bark? all covered with scales? Insect life, my friend, sucking out the life-blood, and impeding the growth of your trees. Go to work—clean house. You need not continue the walk up into the apple orchard; you will find the same thing the case there. The same work is to be done. The house must be cleaned. Hunt out the borers from your trees with fire and sword, hot water and knife. Scrape away, and brush off the larvae of insects which are to spring into life with the coming summer; and after you have, in imitation of the housewife's skill, expelled the vermin, cleaned the wood-work, then you may, to carry out the figure, scrub your floor. The young grass will now begin to start up, and the seeds of noxious weeds to germinate. Don't let them go too long, but, as the housewife chooses a warm, dry day to scrub the floors, so take advantage of a dry time and a hot sun to lightly plough or hoe the surface, and then you will insure a clean floor for the summer. We object to the plough in a closely planted orchard of young trees, especially dwarf pears, for not only is there great and almost inevitable mischief occasioned by striking the trees, and disturbing their tender bark, but, unless the ploughman is very experienced and judicious (to use a coined but expressive word) in his work, he will do still greater mischief in cutting off the roots of the parent quince, which, lying near the surface, are stretching forth through the surrounding soil, in quest of nourishment to elaborate into the growing tree.—Horticulturist for June.

GLANDERS.—The following paragraph occurs in Dr. Dadd's new book on the Horse:—

Whoever undertakes to attempt the cure of this awful malady must remember that he is running a great risk of losing his own life, for the absorption of the least particle of the virus will cause death in one of the most horrible of all forms; and many cases are on record going to show that whole families have been destroyed by absorbing the glandered virus.

A REMEDY FOR MELON BUGS.—A gentleman who has had much experience in raising melons, informs us that the best thing to keep bugs from the vines is,—

Sulphur, 1 tablespoonful.

Yellow soaf, 1 tablespoonful.

Cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoonful.

Ground mustard, 1 tablespoonful.

Mix the whole with half a pint of flour, and apply to the plants when they are moist.

NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF BRAN.

M. Millon has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, the result of some interesting investigations of his, concerning the ligneous matter of wheat, whence it would appear that bran is a very nutritious substance. Though bran doubtless contains from five to six per cent. more ligneous substance than flour, it presents more nitrogenous matter, twice as much fatty matter, and moreover, two distinct aromatic principles, one of which possesses the fragrance of honey; and these are both wanting in flour.

M. Millon therefore thinks, that bran and meal ought to be ground over again and mixed with the pure flour, and he has found, by repeated experiments, that this mixture yields a superior kind of bread.

Horses that consume a fair allowance of bran usually enjoy better health than those deprived of it.

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO POLISH SHIRT BOSOMS.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist writes:

I was somewhat amused by the letter from a young housekeeper, Mrs. Pry. As she feels desirous to make her husband's shirt bosoms and collars look nice, I will endeavor to tell her how my wife does up mine. The first thing is to wash them clean, then starch them thoroughly with the best of starch. A little pure spermaceti or dissolved gum-arabic in the starch will improve it, but have the starch thick, and work it into the linen thoroughly. When in a proper condition, use the common and iron to smooth them, and get them in proper shape, the same as though they were not to be polished, I would here say that you cannot polish linen on a soft cloth. Take a piece of hard wood (I use birch) say 10x14 inches, or size of a shirt bosom, and plane it even and smooth. When you use the polishing iron lay the linen on that, without any cloth underneath; a liberal supply of elbow grease is indispensable to make the things look first-rate. Now for the polishing iron. We use McCoy's patent. I have seen several kinds, but I like this the best. You cannot polish with an iron with a flat face; the one I use is made something like a small shoe, with a round heel on both ends, nicely polished, and care should be had to keep it so, if you wish to have your linen look well. The linen we buy at the stores is polished by men, or machinery, which gives it a finer polish than can usually be given by females. But if Mrs. Pry will get a good polishing iron, and follow the directions as given, she will not feel ashamed of her husband's bosoms and collars.

GINGER SNAPS.—At the Chenango County Fair the ginger snaps made from the following recipe took the premium:

One cup best molasses; one half cup sugar; two-thirds cup butter; one teaspoonful alum; two teaspoons saleratus; one-half cup water, one tablespoon ginger.—Mrs. Charles S. Cheever, New Haven, Connago Co., N. Y.

CREAM BEER.—Two and one-fourth lbs. of white sugar, two oz. tartaric acid; juice of half a lemon, and three pints of water, boil together five minutes. When nearly cold add the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth; one-half cup of flour, well beaten, and half an ounce of winter-green essence. Bottle and keep in a cool place. Two tablespoonfuls of this syrup in a tumbler of water, with one-fourth teaspoon of soda. It is ready for use as soon as made, but age improves it, and it will keep any length of time. Shake the bottle well every time before using.—M. A., in Rural New Yorker.

Its Or, Ache-jar Pickles. (Picalilli).

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Make a brine of salt and water; the proportions being 3 tablespoonful of salt to 1 pint of cold water: keep in a large stone jar. Throw whatever you intend to pickle into this brine for 3 days. When taken out of this immerse them in scalding water for a moment; then wipe them with a dry cloth. Before you put them finally into your jar wash them with vinegar. After having lain 3 days in the salt and water they must be spread on a board in a bright sun to bleach. They will look dried up and good for nothing, but after being put into the vinegar they will begin to swell and turn of a bright yellow, which it is intended they should. Prepare your vinegar in the following manner and it will keep for years, and you may add pickles from time to time prepared as above:—

To 1 gallon vinegar add 1 pint white mustard seed, 1 lb. of garlic, 1 lb. of green ginger, 1 teacup of flour of mustard, 1 oz. mace, 1 oz. of cloves, 1 nutmeg, 1 teacup of black pepper, 1 teacup of allspice, 3 oz. of sliced turmeric. The garlic and ginger must be laid in salt 3 days, and then put into salt well damped with water. After 3 days wash them in vinegar and put them into your jar.

You may use as pickles the following articles, viz.:—Small white onions, young corn, so tender as to be cut easily through the cob; very young beans, small cucumbers, radish pods, watermelon rind pared and cut small, mangoes quartered, apples, whole or quartered, pears, peaches and plums, cauliflower, small white cabbage quartered and tied up, and any other fruit or vegetables you please.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 5, 17, 25, is a past participle.

My 10, 16, 6, 9, is the name of a body of water.

My 18, 22, 31, 21, 15, is a kind of medicine.

My 4, 7, 20, 11, is what we should take of articles we prize.

My 3, 19, 8, 12, is a near relative.

My 27, 2, 14, 13, 8, 25, is an adjective expressing quality.

My 20, 31, 23, 15, 22, is a state rarely subject to earth.

My 24, 19, 8, 13, 2, 26, is the name of a prominent Major-General of the "Union Army."

My whole are the names of two business cities of this city (Philadelphia) and their business.

Circleville. JENNIE H.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 12, 9, 4, 9, is an Indian Prince.

My 2, 5, 7, 6, is a tree of several species.

My 3, 6, 11, is used in writing this enigma.

My 4, 14, 16, is a plant and its seed.

My 5, 12, 9, 10, 15, is the lot of all.

My 6, 3, 15, 5, is a title of nobility.

My 7, 13, 12, 5, is a stone of many colors.

My 8, 10, 16, 17, is an obligation.

My 9, 6, 12, 8, is a vegetable of many species.

My 10, 15, is a term of heraldry.

My 11, 7, 9, 5, 17, is a person of rank.

My 12, 8, 16, 6, is a square column.

My 13, 5, 2, 11, 17, is a joiner's tool.

My 14, 9, 6, is a nickname.

My 15, 10, 7, 16, is a part of a plant.

My 16, 7, 8, is the prevailing fashion.

My 17, 12, 15, is a part of the head.

My whole is the name of an unknown and friendless youth who became an Emperor.

Mount Carroll, Illinois. ANDREW.

TRIPLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A pronoun and a preposition.
To detect.
A rebel General.
An eminent English lord.
A Latin verb, meaning to flow.
An English verb, meaning able.
A town of Scotland.
My initials, centurials and finals form the name of three Union Generals.

Cincinnati. Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find three numbers, such that the sum of the squares of any two of them added to the product of the same two may be integral square numbers. The least numbers are desired?

Stonington, Conn. DAVID S. HART.

An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From what distance above the earth must a body at rest fall so that it will reach the earth at the same time that sound would, the body falling at the rate of 16 feet 1 inch the first second, 4 times that distance the next second, 9 times the next, and so on increasing as the square of the time and sound falling 1440 feet a second.

Hopewell, Clark Co., Iowa. GILL BATES.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between a gambler and a bill sticker? Ans.—A gambler is a card player, and a bill-sticker is a placarder.

What is the difference between a devoted swain and a doting father? Ans.—One is a sighing lover, and the other is a loving son.

What is that of which there are only two in every year, and yet there are two in every day in the week? Ans.—Vowels.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"The miller does not see everything that floats by his mill." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Take the best poet and best paper, viz.: THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. REBUS.—The Riddler. CHARADE.—Benjamin (Ben-jam-in).

Answer to E. Hagerty's PROBLEM, published May 23rd.—Length of degree of latitude 69,068 miles. Length of degree of longitude 33,006 miles.—David Wickersham, Clinton Co., Ohio.

Answer to PROBLEM by Atamont, published May 23rd.—From A's house to the spring 346,410 yards, and from B's 400 yards.—A. S. Borden-town, N. J.; R. Barto, and Francis W. Hibbard.

A. Martin gives the following answer to his DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM, published May 23rd.—3,040,006,714,340,000,000, and 3,040,142,730,000,000,000.

Answer to ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM by A. Martin, published May 30th.—The numbers are 2, 4 and 6.—J. B. M., Barnesville, Ohio; E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and Invalid.

Answer to Morgan Sterner's PROBLEM, published May 30th.—\$143,775.—E. Hagerty, D. Thax, N. Y.; Invalid; and R. Barto, Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

RULE.—Find the compound interest on the given principal for the given rate and time, divide that amount or product by the amount of the annuity of one dollar for the given rate and time.—D. Thax, Johnston, N. Y.